

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

But giue your Pidgions to the Emprour,  
By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands.  
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,  
Giue me pen and inke.  
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplication?

*Clowne.* I sir.

*Titus.* Then here is a supplication for you, and when you  
come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse  
his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then look for  
your reward.

He be at hand sir, see you doe it brauelie.

*Clowne.* I warrant you sir, let me alone.

*Titus.* Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.  
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,  
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.  
And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,  
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

*Clowne.* God be with you sir, I will.

*Exit.*

*Titus.* Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the  
Emperour brings the Arrows in his hand  
that Titus shot at him.*

*Satur.* Why Lords, what wrongs are these? was euer scene  
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent  
Of egall iustice, vsde in such contempt?  
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,  
How euer these disturbers of our peace  
Buz in the peoples cares, there nought hath past,  
But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes

Of

*of Titus Andronicus*

Of old *Andronicus*. And what and  
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelmd  
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wre  
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterne  
And now he writes to heaven for h  
See heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mer*  
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of v  
Sweet scrowles to flie about the str  
Whats this but Libelling against t  
And blazoning our vniustice euer  
A goodly humour, is it not my Lo  
As who would say, in Rome no iu  
But if I liue, his fained extrasies  
Shall be no shelter to these outrag  
But he and his shall know that iu  
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he  
Heele so awake, as he in fury sha  
Cut off the proud'st conspiratour

*Tamora.* My gracious Lord, n  
Lord of my life, commaunder of  
Calme thee, and beare the faults  
Th'effects of sorrow for his valia  
Whose losse hath pearst him dee  
And rather comfort his distresse  
Then prosecute the meanest or t  
For these contempts: Why thu  
Hie witted *Tamora* to glose wi  
But *Titus* I haue touched thee t  
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now  
Then is all safe, the Anchor's i

*Enter Clowne*

How now good fellow wouldst

*Clowne.* Yea forsooth, and yo

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